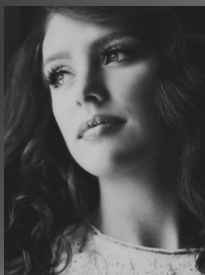




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## Witches



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### Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

Most kids at the age of thirteen were bored with their lives, just doing homework, playing sports, acting like your parents are complete idiots and you don't know they exist, and hanging out with friends.

Me, I just spent my life transforming into a cheetah and running away from mortals who were trying to kill me.

Yeah, I know. I sound totally crazy. You're probably thinking, Okay, so you're fast. How can you transform into a cheetah?

Problem is, I'm not crazy. And I'm seriously not joking. I wish I was joking, but I'm not. I can transform into a cheetah.

(Yes, the fastest land animal on the planet. Yes, the one with the black spots. Yes, the one in Africa.)

Even I didn't know three years ago, when I was still an innocent tween who was learning how to bug your oldest brother. (Who was five years older than you, which was totally unfair.)

Hey, there's a first for everything, even thirteen year old girls transforming into cheetahs.

Now you're probably wondering why you first picked up this book if this is only going to be about me turning into a cheetah and running. Why are these insane maniacs trying to kill me

again, and how can I turn into a cheetah?

Four simple words that will shock you and make you will NOT freak out. (No crossing your fingers behind your back.)

I AM A WITCH. (No freak out.)

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No, none of that rubbish about witches being evil is true. At least I hope its not. And no, I'm not the size of a butterfly nor do I paint the wings of butterflies and bring the seasons to the world. All that rubbish about green skinned witches in Oz, that's pure fiction.

I'm the normal size of a thirteen year old, but I have constantly shifting colored hair and rare phthalo blue eyes, one of the minor details of being a witch. I could go to bed with long straight mahogany hair and wake up the next morning with short wavy black hair done in a bob. My gifts sometimes control me. I have normal skin, and normal features, besides my eyes and hair.

I'm not immortal, no witches are. Unless their special gift was immortality. I need to eat, drink, and sleep like any mortal would. And I can become weak, and tired. I can be killed, but I'm not exactly what you would call mortal. Most mortals can't shapeshift or teleport. Nor are they trapped in the city they're born in as long as they may live.

But my gifts is that I can do anything I please. I can look into the future, read minds, turn invisible, and shape shift. And those are only some of my gifts. It's not magic. Like Mom had once told me, the gifts I receive aren't magic. They're gifts. From whom, I don't know.

Mom's gift was to levitate anything she pleased with just a thought, and Dad's was to fly/charm people. They were perfect for each other. When those two gifts combined which is very rare, they had me, because of their gifts was so strong. So I'm basically the most powerful witch in centuries, since Agnes Sampson. And that was over four centuries ago.

Unfortunately, I couldn't change the minds of the people who were trying to kill me. Mainly because they had charms to protect themselves.

But really, I'm not an evil witch. I would never harm an innocent mortal, and have never done any cruel pranks on the innocent.

I've heard prayers of people, praying that they could turn invisible, fly, and time travel. But they don't know what's it like to have these special gifts. They don't know what it's like to walk on the street and trying to not electrocute someone. One flick and I could kill a dozen people.

So I just live in the streets alone (because having a house would be too difficult) besides my kitty, Ginger.

Ginger's an ordinary cat, with silky fur, enormous blue eyes, and the softest paws pawsible. (Haha.) She's a sweet, tiny kitty that never bites or scratches unless ordered. Ginger used to

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I woke up with Ginger purring under my hand. I rubbed her, then slid out of the light blue sleeping bag.

Next I used my gift to dress myself, simply by waving my hand and my clothes changed from fuzzy blue polka dotted pajamas and fuzzy socks into a t-shirt, light blue shorts, and sneakers all freshly washed and dried. Quickly, I made sure that Mom's necklace was still around my neck, and sighed with relief.

Finally, I summoned breakfast for myself, pancakes with candy bits and a fresh fruit smoothie on the side.

Ginger came up and nuzzled my hand, her polite way of saying she was hungry. But I could understand her because of an animal communication gift. (Don't ask.) *Want! Food!*

So I summoned her amazing cat bowl (from the future), and added food. She meowed, saying, *Thirsty!* So I gave her a bowl full of milk, and she quickly lapped up the milk, purring in satisfaction.

Once again, I heard the heavy footsteps of the mortals who were coming to kill me at exactly eight.

"Stay hidden," I ordered her. "Today is going to be a rough day. Those maniacs aren't going to hesitate to kill you."

Ginger meowed, rolling her eyes. *Please, I know what to do. I'm a smart kitten.*

Quickly, I rolled up my sleeping bag, and made the cat bowls and sleeping bag vanish into thin air.

"Ready Ginger?" I asked. She rubbed her soft head against my hand affectionately, thanking me for the milk and food.

Of course I am, Ginger meowed softly. Then she began purring loudly. *I'm always ready.*

I teleported Ginger and me across the city, but I was stuck in this city because like all witches, I was stuck where I was born. So I couldn't fly to space or take a step outside the city.

"Ginger, I'm really sorry about this," I told Ginger. I hugged her close to me, and jumped with all my might.

About wh-AHHHHHHH! I had already imagined Ginger and me as peregrine falcons, and Ginger was all of a sudden a bird. My eyesight sharpened, so I could see Ginger falling through

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“KAK!” I called with all of my strength. *Do a dive! Now!*

“KAK!” Ginger asked. *Are you crazy?*

“KAK!” I called. “KAK!” *Just follow my example! Trust me!* It’s really amazing how much a peregrine falcon can say with only one sound.

I tucked in my wings, and let gravity take over, falling towards the earth at 240 miles per hour. At literally the very last moment before I would smash into a building, I untucked my wings and swooped up, landing on a ledge. I called to Ginger as loud as I could, “KAK!” *Dive!*

“There they are!” the woman right behind the man in the lead called, pointing to me with a knife. I frantically flapped my wings, flying above the clouds. I wished I could just stay up there forever, flapping my wings and watching as the mortals threw rocks at me. Sadly, reality kicked in, and I would eventually die from thirst, hunger, or exhaustion. Most likely thirst.

“KAK!” I asked. *Ginger, where are you?*

“KAK!” Ginger. *Over here!*

“KAK!” I asked. *How long can you fly without rest?*

Silence. I was afraid Ginger had been shot down and killed.

“KAK!” Ginger called back. *Four hours until collapse.* Flying took a lot of energy, and I could go about five hours without rest. Then I got an idea.

“KAK! KAK!” I called. *Meet me at Starbucks!*

I flapped my wings, and took off. I spotted Starbucks, and did a nose dive, letting gravity take over.

I hid behind the building, and transformed back into a girl. The mortals couldn’t be far behind, so I had to act quick. I summoned a few dollars, so I wouldn’t just be standing outside the store. That would be too suspicious.

Quickly, I entered the store, ordered a latte, and sat down at the table, just acting like I was a normal thirteen year old girl who wasn’t a witch and running for my life. I even summoned my cell phone, pretending I was texting some teenager to go meet me at the mall, and made it look like a normal 21st century iPhone, which was going beyond.

The mortals who were chasing me burst inside the cafe, gasping and looking around furiously.

“Where is she?” the man in the lead gasped, trying to catch his breath. “The witch girl?”

The public didn’t look confused, they were staring at the store looking for a girl with blue hair and blue eyes and hair that refused to be tamed. I had turned invisible, thinking I would be safe.

Unfortunately, the man started to sniff the air. Witches give off like light lavender and lemongrass, for years I have tried to mask the smell, but no matter what, the smell always came back. The waiter brought over my latte, as the man sniffed the air around me.

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"Witch girl," he hissed. "Stop your tricks. We will kill you and your stupid cat no matter what." I saw Ginger flapping her wings outside, unable to transform back into a normal cat. I quickly imagined Ginger as a normal girl, with the same blue eyes, and orange hair. And maybe a sprinkle of freckles across her nose, like mine.

I had nothing to do; my mind was too confused to teleport, (I can only teleport a certain amount of times each day before I die and I usually save them for emergencies) but I did have hot coffee. I grabbed my coffee, and splashed the hot coffee into the man's eyes, and he coughed, wiping at his eyes frantically.

"Attack!" the man ordered as he wiped the hot coffee away from his eyes with his sleeves. "Do not let the witch girl escape here alive!"

I ran out the door, dragging human Ginger along as we ran down the streets, the lunatics chasing us, throwing knives.

I imagined both of us becoming peregrine falcons again, and I jumped, feeling my body shrink and grow feathers. Ginger and I soared into the sky, as the lunatics kept throwing rocks and anything they could find.

With my new eyesight, I was able to see the man in the lead pushing a man out of a helicopter, and the helicopter rising into the sky, the blades spinning at full speed.

"KAK!" I told Ginger. *Fly to the ground.*

"KAK!" Ginger responded. *Are you crazy?*

"KAK!" *Yes!*

I tucked my wings in, and dove toward the still earth, untucking my wings long enough to transform into a cheetah.

Ginger tucked her wings in, and let gravity take over, just as the man in the helicopter rose to the level where we were. The man steered the helicopter back towards the ground, throwing as many things as he could find. I quickly imagined Ginger as a cheetah, and suddenly, Ginger was at my side as a cheetah.

"Chirp!" *Run!* It was seriously embarrassing when you're the fastest land animal on Earth, and out of all the things you sound like, you sound like a bird.

The group got into cars, and we ran. The wind felt good on my skin/fur. But we couldn't keep it

up for long. Cheetahs are fast, but they can't run long. Only about a minute to 20 seconds at top speed. But we had to get a heads-

"Chirp!" I called. *Prepare to fly!*

I leapt and imagined myself as a peregrine falcon again, and I jumped, feeling my body growing feathers as I flapped my tiny wings to rise into a skyscraper.

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The mortals behind us stopped in front of the skyscraper, and ran out, entering the building and climbing the stairs to the level where I had landed. But it was a diversion. The skyscraper didn't have glass walls, so I flew towards the ground, and became a normal girl again. Ginger landed right after me, and I imagined her as a cute kitten with fluffy orange fur and big blue eyes. The mortals who were chasing me reached the floor surprisingly fast, and saw we were not there.

"Get down you fools!" the man in the lead yelled at his group, glaring at them. "She's getting away idiots!"

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